

THE  
**Literary Companion.**

*"We shall never envy the honours which wit and learning obtain in any other cause, if we can be numbered among the writers who give ardour to virtue and confidence to truth."*

NO. 4.

SATURDAY, JULY 7, 1821.

VOL. I.

THE CELEBRATION OF THE FORTY-FIFTH ANNIVERSARY OF OUR INDEPENDENCE.

It is a good thing, in our riper years, when jostled about by the rubs and chances of the world, to retrace those jocund days when life was young, and hope walked tip-toe in our path, attired in her gayest and fairest vestment. Of all these remembrances we know of none embalmed with more care or more delightful in themselves or more pleasing to recall than our 4th of July jubilees. With how much joy have we gone to our rest, big with the expectation of hey-day jollity on the morrow, and with how great zest have we kept the watches of the night, lest perchance, one long red streak should tint the eastern horizon, ere we had girded up our loins and made ready for the festival.

We had intended to have written for the amusement and information of those who are to follow us in the long, and dusty march to the tomb, a very eloquent and historical narration of the many and principal events which happened on this eventful day. But, unfortunately, our philosophical tone of mind could not resist the general glee which pervaded every heart, and shone through every countenance, and we fell in with the temper of the town so exactly, that we found ourselves unable to rise with the sun, and prepare in time for our printer such a description of men and manners and things, as would please ourselves, and be read with satisfaction by our readers.

While we were musing on these things, we received No. 4 of the *Lustrum*, and observed that Mr. Oldboy had altered the subject which he had proposed treating of, and had written some such description of the celebration of this day as we had in contemplation.

THE LUSTRUM.

NO. IV.

Quem vocet Divum populus ruentis  
Imperi rebus?

HOR. Carm. L. 1. 2.

July 5th, 5 o'clock A. M.

I am so far from wishing to be thought out of place in the subjects of my dissertations, that I shall devote this number to the consideration of the great national event which we have just been celebrating; and beg pardon of the ladies for deferring once more the audience of their petition.

The propriety and good tendency of public celebrations of illustrious achievements or happy events have been so universally concurred in, that we can scarce look back to a time or

nation in which they have not been practised. Among the Egyptians, the Chinese, the Medes, and the Persians, the Greeks, and the Romans, they have been in use, and whether in the form of rites or rejoicings, have alike existed. They let down the mind from the pursuits of business, and tend to keep alive those patriotic feelings, without which we should become indifferent to the privileges which we, as a free people, enjoy; and, in the exclusive pursuit of individual gain, be in danger of losing all pride and re-

gard for national character. To me, who am now verging towards three score, and took a part, though but a feeble one, in the scenes of the revolution, it was no small joy to be awakened by the animating peal of bells which ushered in the glad birth-day of our freedom. I felt a new youth and warmth imparted to my heart, and an elevation and sublimity of mind raised within me, that carried my thoughts in gratitude to the Author of our being, for the benefits, and for the happiness which we, as a nation, and as individuals, are at this time enjoying. For my own part, when I reflect upon the great difficulties and dangers in which we were entangled, in the infancy of this republic, I am lost in amazement to consider the wonders which we have achieved, and the pitch to which we have arrived in so short a time, as a great and prosperous nation. With what sufficient feelings, then, can we regard those men, who, in the times of such peril and dismay, stood forth as the guardians of our rights, and saved us, by their firmness and exertions, from the crushing arm of tyranny? With what feelings regard that man who, in such a time, took upon him the direction of our actions, and guided us to a safe and happy issue? The heart of every American cannot but swell with gratitude, whilst it is, at the same time, filled with the warmest feelings of pride and glory, at the recollection of his great and unparalleled achievements.

I walked forth at an early hour to amuse myself with the variety of scenes which offered themselves on this occasion, and which I had not for some years before witnessed. The joy and hilarity visible in every countenance beguiled my time, and raised in me such reciprocal feelings, that I almost forgot my age as I was hurried along in the crowd of noise and gladness. Here were to be seen tables loaded with every sort of viands, dressed out and arranged in the most neat and inviting order: there, foreigners

staggering under the weight of large tin vessels, which were slung over their backs, filled with lemonade, proclaiming the article they dealt in, in loud voices: here were Irishmen with baskets of pine apples and oranges, and bakers with muffins and gingerbread—all borne along in the irresistible and sweeping tide of numbers, as it moved on towards the Park. On arriving here, every variety, of which the eye, the ear, or the mouth is susceptible, was to be met with. Booths or tents were ranged along on each side of this promenade; some of them occupied by whole families, who had left their residences and erected these places with the hope of adding to their scanty means of subsistence.

The procession of the day was not, however, such as I would have expected. There was a great deficiency, on the part of the various societies, which I was sorry to see on so great and glorious an occasion. The display of the military was good, and such as I had been led to expect. The enthusiasm, which seemed to warm the hearts even of young children as the troops passed along, and who followed them with the most ardent and animated looks, was remarkable, and reminded me of an argument which I had once heard, used by a celebrated member of congress against a standing army, that the love of military exploits was so inherent in the human breast, and particularly in that of the American nation, that you might discover it in the very children in the streets on any parade day.

I dined at *Niblo's* with a few old and select friends of mine, amongst whom was *Ned Hearty*, a jolly fellow from the Eastward, who is good at a joke, and who, after eating a *glorious* dinner, gave us two or three good songs in his best style. In the evening, I was prevailed on to make one of the company to the Vauxhall gardens, where we heard some good singing, and witnessed as fine a display of fire works as I recollect to have ever

seen. Several of the other gardens also gave displays of fire works, and most public places abounded with every variety of entertainment. The museum was illuminated in beautiful style, and presented from Broadway a most splendid sight.

I came home much pleased with the agreeable manner in which I had

passed my time, and reflecting upon the happiness which millions are now enjoying, as a free people, who might otherwise have been reduced to a state of oppression and bondage. I retired to rest amidst the most agreeable meditations, and closed my eyes with the fervent wish of Paul to his country, "*Esto perpetua!*"

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FOR THE LITERARY COMPANION.

*Supposed to be written upon seeing at a distance the explosion of an armed vessel struck by lightning.*

'Twas night; and the lightning's reflection *pale blue shone*

On the deep bosom of the glassy lake;

With silv'ry rays shot forth at intervals the moon,

'Neath clouds which sped to join the stormy wake.

All nature's hush'd; except at distance the rebound

(Mid the fierce storms far low'ring element,)

In murmur's heard—of minute's gun's slow solemn sound,

Signal of distress, awfully transcendent.

Anon is seen high climbing up the sable side,

Of heaven's chequer'd canopy, a light

Which fair outshining bright the liquid fires, spreads wide,

Its glaring meteors to the astonish'd sight.

A noise as if all nature was convuls'd now shakes,

The trembling atmosphere, and to the hills,

And slow disgorging caverns—sound partakes,

While echo bellowing loud, wide ether fills.

The scene is clos'd—a death like silence once again,

On the hush'd bosom of the watery deep,

Triumphant sits—Chaos over all holds pitchy reign,

And nature spent, Morpheus—binds in sleep.

June 29th. 1821.

G—.

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FOR THE LITERARY COMPANION.

TO S—

Though thou art distant far from me,

And bellowing surges roll between;

Still will I ever cherish thee

In memory (never fading) green.



Should gaudy flowrets please mine eye,  
 Whose beauteous tints might others wear;  
 Still constant to thy charms, I'll sigh,  
 My mem'ry's neverfading green.

Yet we will meet to never part ;  
 And thou shalt be my bosoms queen ;  
 I'll wear thee nearest to my heart,  
 My mem'ry's, never fading green.

And when life's winter holds his reign,  
 And rob'd in white thy locks are seen ;  
 Thy blooming freshness shall remain,  
 In mem'ry's (never fading) green.

G—June 28th 1821.

### CASTLE RUINS.

(Continued from page 20.)

On the summit of a lofty pile of stupendous rocks, rising one above another, as dense clouds before the approach of some awful thunder storm—their base whitened with the rough rolling surge—had been erected that once impregnable fortress,—The castle of St. Gerard. A century had rolled away and still it had continued to be the residence of the warlike Baron of that name. When seen at a distance, from the ocean, its brown walls and its lofty—storm beaten turrets seemed but the continuation of a mass of rocks, whose foundation was the oceans bottom and whose summit towering amid the clouds, appeared, like the atlas of old, to be the pillar which supported the arch of Heaven. Its numerous dungeons excavated from the solid rock and its subterraneous apartments and galleries ran far beneath the bed of the ocean and at times had been occupied by prisoners taken in battle, or as a refuge in those turbulent ages when arms were the only appeal to support justice or oppression. On the right of the castle, was heard the tremendous roar of the cataract of St. Gerard, whose waters, in rumbling torrents falling over a rocky precipice, into the ocean's bosom, whitened it with its bellowing surge and as a storm agitating the waves a great distance from the castle bay and dashing them with mad violence against the shore, was its defence by sea, rendering it a

place of shipwreck and of danger.—Such was the birth-place of lord Rulef St. Gerard.—Here had infancy commenced that attachment—which manhood perfected. But ambition, ever at war with love.—A thirst for military glory—a religious enthusiasm useless and vain had torn him from his cousin Adela and five long years, pregnant with perils and with misfortunes, had detained Lord Rulef from his home. Had Lord Rulef changed? no. He loved her still; he had now returned to clasp his Adela to his faithful bosom and to call her his. Was Adela still the same? a thick cloud of mystery obscured that sun which in the green years of his youth had shone so brightly—and no ray of hope could penetrate this dense obscurity: all was now darkness and mystery.

### CHAPTER II.

Reginald St. Gerard, the twin brother of Rulef, had received the same advantages, had been nourished with the same tender care. But no tender feelings—no kind sympathies—no regard for any one but himself—ever intruded within the black precincts of his cruel, malignant heart. Pity—repentance or remorse never illumined it with a single ray. It was the abode of envy, of malignity, ingratitude and unrestrained passions. In vain had been a parents labor to eradicate, those shoots of depravity,

which, his early youth shewed, were planted in a fruitful soil. Yet love, to whose dominion there is no limits, maintained a power over his heart which served not to soften that rock of adamant—but to spur him on to greater deeds of villainy. Entreaties and tears he had found fruitless to gain his cousin Adela, the betrothed of a brother whom he hated for his virtues.

St. Gerard forest had long been the haunt of a band of a desperate banditti, who under a leader called the Black Chief carried terror and destruction wherever they appeared. Many had been the attempts to disperse these blood hounds.

It was on a night black as his base design that Reginald St. Gerard, armed himself from top to toe and selecting the best steed from the stable, crossed the moat, unattended, in search of this mysterious chief. His numerous followers and his secret power had long been the themes of many an awful tale and had rendered him an object of fear and wonder, wherever report had born the history of his deeds. It was by his assistance and power which carried inevitable destruction and desolation when exerted, that Reginald hoped to gain possession of the castle, which, he feared, his father intended should descend to his more worthy brother Rulf. Could he form an alliance with this dread chief—become the partner of his power and his mysterious knowledge—with the castle for their fortress, he thought what should be a barrier to the progress of his ambition? revolving in his mind such schemes, and many more equally as unprincipled and absurd, which his ambition, his love of power, his hatred of his brother, and most of all his mad love for Adela, suggested, he had slackened the reins, and left his horse to pursue his own way among the intricacies of the forest.—

But lord Reginald was roused from his reverie, as his horse suddenly stopt—and started back endeavoring to retreat, yet fearing to turn his head. Lord Reginald gathered up the reins, and putting spurs to his horse, who now made no resistance he resumed his interrupted way, and broken reflections. Again his horse stopt. But in vain lord Reginald urged him to proceed: he remained fixed to the spot, panting as if agitated by excessive fear. But what was his astonishment

and horror, hardened as he was in guilt and inaccessible to fear, when he was arrested by a blaze which a short distance before him seemed issuing from the earth.

As his eyes were rivetted on this strange scene, he perceived it to move. His horse involuntarily followed it at a slow and cautious pace. At length it totally dissappeared. As lord Reginald sought for it on every side, he beheld at a great distance before him the ground covered with small blue flames moving to and fro. Vain were his endeavors, to arrest the progress of his steed as if drawn forward by some magic spell he bore him toward this strange scene. They now formed one long extended line then seperated and appeared three columns of moving fire, but like the panthers eye, they shed no light.

The air was now rent with a fearful scream of malignant joy, which rang long and loud through the forest as if to welcome lord Reginald to his ruin: cold drops of sweat hung upon his forehead—his nerveless hand rested on his sword hilt, in vain attempting to unsheathe it his steed neighing and struggling to escape from some unseen hand which forcibly detained him, sprang now on one side, and now on the other. To increase his terrors the flames approached and enclosed him in a trible circle. Again he heard that terrific scream.

His terror was now changed to desperate resolution. In an agony of despair, he firmly grasped his sword; as he drew it from its scabbard, an invisible hand armed with a heavy gauntlet seized him by the throat and endeavored to unhorse him. But with a sudden jerk Reginald escaped the grasp, and leapt on the ground brandishing his sabre on every side he endeavored to pass the magic circle. "Fiends of hell I fear you not!" he cried and aimed a blow at the flame which burnt nearest to him. His sabre shivered in ten thousand pieces as it struck, what seemed a rock of iron, and nothing but its handle remained in his clenched hand. Lord Reginald cast it from him, and had but just drawn his poniard from his bosom when he fell to the earth weltering in his gore.

On the next day as the morning dawned, the warder from the castle battlements, heard the trampling of a jaded steed approaching the castle. The draw-

bridge which Reginald had lowered the preceding evening, was still down, and the steed of lord Reginald, without its rider, crossed the bridge and fatigued and breathless halted at the castle gate.

All was consternation and alarm at the unaccountable disappearance of lord Reginald. Yet hated as he was by his family and vassals, no exertions were

spared to discover him. The retainers were summoned to arm and under the direction of the old Baron who once again clad himself in steel, searched every recess of the forest for the absent lord—on the evening of the third day they returned after a fruitless search bringing no tidings of the mysterious disappearance.

*(To be continued in our next.)*

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### THE ENTHUSIAST:

AN ORIGINAL TALE.

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#### CHAPTER III,

*(Continued.)*

Rebecca did not lay long in the arms of her husband. She quickly recovered her strength: she smoothed and parted the hair, which had fallen and was carelessly hanging over her forehead; and with a great deal of calmness she gave her hand to her husband, and leaped into the carriage.

They soon reached their own silent dwelling. My father was there, awaiting their return in the utmost anxiety. He had no sooner beheld them, than he knew that the father of Rebecca had held fast to the word he had spoken. In an instant the two brothers were locked in each other's arms. In that hour, death alone could have parted them.

The new engagement into which Charles had entered, obliged him to devote himself with greater ardour, and a more continued exertion to his profession. But it was real labour for him: so greatly did the weakness of his body depress the vigour and the energy of his mind. But the bright eye of Rebecca was never clouded. The glow was always pure and rich upon her cheek; and the smile was always playing round her mouth, and dancing in her eye. O, she was wont to say—with how cheerful and steady a ray doth our love, pledged here, and recorded in heaven, illumine our own snug and quiet dwelling! could all my father's wealth do this? When thou art in anguish of mind, what matters it if thou wert master of a world of wealth, if

it were not for love to soothe and to hold thee up! Thy head, my Charles, can rest upon my bosom, and it is a softer resting place than a heap of gold. And, O, what is life, if we are united to one who wants the mind, the soul, the heart!

Rebecca did not show this spirit at long intervals. It always animated her. It gave vigour to the mind, and strength to the body of Charles: It met him in the quick step, and ready embrace, at the threshold of his home.. It was the sun which shone over him in the day time, and gave him light in the deep shadows of the night.

About the time of the birth of Charles' first son, an event happened which greatly grieved him. It was the death of his father and mother, within a short time of each other. They had loved, and married in their youth. But time as it stole noiselessly over them, though it damped the ardour of their passion, still it aided to hallow and make more pure their love. They had lived thirty years together, and when the scythe cut down the husband, the wife, like a broken flower, gently decayed.

The small sum Charles received at the death of his parents, was of considerable assistance, and enabled him to rest for a little while from his exertions. But unfortunately, he lost this additional property, together with a part of that which he had gained by his own labour, through the



failure of one of his oldest, and most intimate friends.

About this time happened the event, which induced my father to leave his own land, and seek to divert his mind by the scenes, and other business, which the world across the Atlantic opened to him.

He was once, early in September, greatly attracted by a house in the suburbs of London. There was so much rural elegance displayed in arranging the grounds; such a variety of every kind of shrubbery, and so delightful a fragrance arising from it, and the whole cultivated with so much taste, and so carefully taken care of, that he stood looking over the white pale fence for a long time, wholly unconscious of what was passing around him.

He was aroused from his reverie by a loud and wild scream. He looked up. It came from a window in the house before him. It was a female; her arms were stretched out towards the high road; her hair was hanging down upon her back, and agony was in her effort. A noise of a chariot in full speed, was heard. A little child, unconscious of danger, was playing in the road. My father saw the child's situation, and at once knew the cause of the female's scream. The horses, without a man to guide them, were coming on furiously. Death was in their track; a minute more, and the hoofs of the horses would have dashed out the bowels of the child. In the twinkling of an eye, my father sprang into the midst of the high-way, with his right arm, and with a strong grasp, he caught the child around its waist, and cleared the wheels of the chariot; it passed with the swiftness of a dart shot from a well drawn bow.

My father had sunk upon his knees, and was pressing the child to his bosom, when a female, with the violence of a maniac, snatched the child from him, and sinking down, hid her own face and that of the child's with her fine auburn ringlets. Oh, my sister, my dear little sister, she cried, in the fullness of her joy, and bursting into tears, was relieved. He walked with her to the house—— \* \* \* \* \*

\* \* \* \* \*  
My father often visited the house of Julia;

he loved her—and this love ruined his peace of mind, and too well accounted for that habitual melancholy which always attended him, as well as for the want of that affectionate feeling which a child always expects from a parent.

In a night, when the moon was up beautifully in the sky, my father and Julia both sat on a seat of moss, at the foot of her garden, over which the branches of a weeping willow<sup>2</sup> fell. The silvery moon beams came trembling through them—the evening was very still and calm, with scarce a breath rustling—my arm was around her slender form, and we were both looking up at the sky together. There was a pale delicate flush upon the cheek of Julia: no keen brilliancy in that eye of hers—it was the softest blue—there was passion in it; but it was all sinking tenderness—sinking into love. As a smile on the face of the dying Christian, so was the melancholy beauty of that night—so calm and pure! The pledge of love was passed, and the plighted vow recorded. They parted: the rich glow of health was upon the countenance of Julia, and the tear of rapturous pleasure was sparkling in her mild blue eye. So have I seen the sun, gathering in the brightness of his glory, before the evening clouds passed over and wrapt in their mantle the whole earth. The day after, Julia was laid low on the bed of sickness; night after night I watched under her window, looking at the faint gleam of light, which shone like a solitary star in a night of blackness.

Though Julia, in the course of time, gradually recovered her strength, still there was something very singular in her manners and conversation. Her sentences were, at times, unconnected: she would fly from one topic to another with great rapidity, and would frequently rail at her mother for certain things she had done, many of which, my father knew to exist only in her own imagination.

But this passed off, and they were married. Not long after, Julia was again attacked, and this ended in downright madness. It was then my father found that his wife had been twice deranged before,

and that the mother had purposely concealed it from him.—My father's wife died in a mad house! \* \* \* \* \* Here the manuscript ended.

I looked my father full in the face—  
“But her”—I would have said—“child!”  
“But,” continued my father, “she died childless!”

If a man had felled me to the earth, I could not have felt more stunned than I did now. At length recovering, I found words to say—“But whose son am I?”—  
“My brothers!”—replied my heretofore supposed father.

(*To be continued.*)

## THE SAILOR.

AN ELEGY.

(*By Samuel Rogers, Esq. author of the Pleasures of Memory.*)

THE sailor sighs as sinks his native shore,  
As all its lessening turrets bluely fade;  
He climbs the mast to feast his eyes once more,  
And busy fancy fondly lends her aid.

Ah! now each dear, domestic scene he knew,  
Recalled and cherished in a foreign clime,  
Charms with the magic of a moonlight view,  
Its colors mellowed, not impaired, by time.

True as the needle, homeward points his heart,  
Through all the horrors of the stormy main;  
This, the last wish with which its warmth could part,  
To meet the smile of her he loves again.

When moon first faintly draws her silver line,  
Or eve's grey cloud descends to drink the wave;  
When sea and sky in midnight darkness join,  
Still, still he views the parting look she gave.

Her gentle spirit, lightly hovering o'er,  
Attends his little bark from pole to pole:  
And, when the beating billows round him roar,  
Whispers sweet hope to sooth his troubled soul.

Carved is her name in many a spicy grove,  
In many a plantain forest, waving wide;  
Where dusky youths in painted plumage rove,  
And giant-palms o'er-arch the yellow tide.

But, lo, at last he comes with crowded sail!  
Lo, o'er the cliff what eager figures bend!  
And, hark, what mingled murmurs swell the gale!  
In each he hears the welcome of a friend.



—'Tis she, 'tis herself! she waves her hand!  
 Soon is the anchor cast, the canvass furled;  
 Soon through the whitening surge he springs to land,  
 And clasps the maid he singled from the world.

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FOR THE LITERARY COMPANION.

### FRIENDSHIP AND ANIMOSITY CONTRASTED.

Friendship is essential to the happiness of man. As prosperity is our occasional visitant and adversity our unwearied attendant, the social affections should be cherished by a reciprocity of kindness, otherwise man would be fit only to inhabit the recesses of the solitude, or the caverns of the mountains.

Do you ask for the society where peace and happiness prevail? it is where "heart meets heart,"—where friendship unclogged by deceit, and uncorrupted by animosity prompts to exercise the nobler faculties of the soul.

Adversity is said to be a school and some can learn in no other. They there learn that human bliss is not stationary, that even those flowers of pleasure, which we think too bright to die, are withered by the chill frost of disappointment and blown away by the slight gust of adversity.

Morality strengthens and purifies friendship. He who is destitute of morality is the more inconstant friend and the more bitter enemy. Examine the heart of him, who regards not the moral principles of right and wrong, you will find it corrupted with the rancor of hell. The charms of virtue fade in his presence; the wailings of distress excite not his sympathy; and the enormities of vice are pleasing to his sight. In fine the excellence of the man seems absorbed in the insensibility of the beast.

Friendship is not in its operations confined to individual societies. The philanthropy, which extends no farther, is too sordid to be generous, and too contracted to be noble; for it embitters that generosity, which exalts

the human character, and corrupts that hospitality which enables man to make, the world his home.

While I reject this limitation I would not adopt that sympathy which influences its possessor to mourn for distant distresses, that he cannot relieve while he looks with stoic indifference on the miseries at his own door. Nor would I commend that indifferent principle of friendship which apportions the affections equally among mankind without regard to proper circumstances. No the tenderest affections of the heart must be fixed on some object, on which as a hinge they may open to admit alike to its embrace the cottager and the king.

But some cherish a more contracted principle. They suppose the veil of poverty as impervious to the rays of genius as the curtain 'twixt time and eternity is to the human eye impenetrable; and therefore limit their esteem to only what is alluring by the pomp of refinement, or the tinsel of wealth. But let such remember that a Milton may be born as well in a cottage as a palace. We cannot estimate the worth of a mirror by the beauty of the frame, nor can we determine the merit of the man by the splendor of his wealth, or the nobility of his birth.

He who exercises an attachment to his country, and feels a deep interest in its welfare manifests a species of friendship noble, dignified and superior. When this patriotic feeling pervades the community and warms, every breast, all those moral qualities, which exalt and ennoble a nation are conspicuous and effectual. Equal liberty diffuses its blessings; patriotism displays its en-

ergies, and unanimity confirms the combined energies of the nation.—Should any foreign foe attack its borders, he would find every pass a Thermopylæ and every citizen a Leonidas. And should superior power succeed in crushing the united efforts of freedom, the last exertion of the patriot would be glorious and laudable, while the same expiring sigh wafts to heaven the prayer for the salvation of his own soul and the freedom of his country.

Animosity creates dissension and impels man to revenge. Wherever it prevails, the social feelings are embittered, and private interest exterminates public regard. Society is corrupted, and we are warned of the extinction of its happiness in accents dismal and foreboding as a voice from the tombs.

Faction succeeds. Then the last protection of innocence is broken, and the hope of virtue expires. The storm of malice puts the passions in commotion and they rage beyond control. All attempts to restrain or assuage them are unavailing. You might as well moderate the ocean with a bulrush! you might as well calm the tempest with a song. The vicious are emboldened, and the virtuous corrupt-

ed. Spite and selfishness are fatal to liberty. These qualities stimulate the fascinated populace to force into power the aspiring factionist, who would rather exercise violence and oppression, than quietly enjoy the sweets of liberty. He deludes his votaries to their own destruction. For those governments, which originate in malice, and are established in faction are corrupt and detestable as the Spanish inquisition, cruel and oppressive as the miseries of Ireland.

If, when party subsides, animosities could be extinguished; if man could cleanse his memory with the waters of oblivion; oppression might cease and liberty be restored. But the fixed principles of human nature refute the idea. And hence we discover one cause of the fluctuation of national character which is continually on the march, and frequently has before it nothing but the forest or the desert, while it leaves in its rear the wreck and the ruins of the wonders of the world.

These are some of the different effects of friendship and animosity upon individuals, societies and nations.

PHILO.

#### THE PREDICTION.

An Austrian officer, the Baron de — who had served in the last war against the Turks in the hussars of Zeckler, was fond of relating the many singular adventures which he had met with in his different campaigns, and you may judge of them by the following which I give you in the very words he made use of.

It was in the spring of 1788 that I left M—— in Transylvania with the recruits for my regiment, which was stationed in the neighbourhood of Orsowa. It so happened, that we passed a village on our way, where a Bohemian, or gipsey, who was one of the occasional sutlers of the army, resided, and had established herself a name in the neighbourhood by telling fortunes. My recruits, who none of them wanted faith, were eager to know

what the stars intended in their favour, and I, who laughed at their simplicity, was yet simple enough myself, to hold out my hand and to listen to the sorcerer. "The 20th of August," said the gipsey, with an expressive look, but nothing could prevail upon her to add a syllable of explanation, and I left her with those words impressed upon my mind. We now joined the regiment, and took our share of fatigue and danger. It was very well known that in that campaign the Turks, acting with more than their usual ferocity, made no prisoners, and that their generals paid a ducat for each head which was brought into the camp. This was enough to excite the activity of the Janissaries and Spahis, who neglected no opportunity of making a ducat at our ex-

pense, and they were so numerous, and their expeditions conducted with such secrecy, that frequently at the dawn of day we could perceive the outposts of the camps guarded as it were by headless trunks. The prince de Cobourg at last thought of sending every night large pickets of cavalry beyond the usual line of videttes, and these were generally composed of 100 to 200 men; but the Turkish generals, enraged at seeing the profits of their people interrupted, sent still larger detachments than before against our pickets, by which means they secured a greater number of victims. To be appointed one of the out pickets, was now almost considered as sentence of death, and no one left the camp without having previously settled his affairs. We were now in the month of August, and a few skirmishes with the enemy had not altered the position of the army, when about a week before the 20th, my Bohemian, of whom I had frequently bought provisions, came to my quarters, and having followed me into my tent, requested that I would take the proper measures to secure her a legacy in case the 20th of August should prove fatal to me, offering on her part, if I survived that day to make me a present of a basket of tokay, a wine at all times high priced and now particularly scarce. That the woman should make me such an offer and upon such terms, seemed to prove that she was out of her senses. Situated as I was, my death was by no means improbable, but I had no reason to suppose that it would take place precisely on the day she had foretold. I therefore readily consented to the proposal, betting fifty ducats against her tokay. The major of the regiment, not without a smile, drew up our agreement.

The 20th of August was now arrived, and I saw no probability of our coming to an engagement with the enemy. It was my regiment's turn, however, to fur-

nish a picket for the night, but there were two officers on the role of service before me. In the evening, as the hussars were preparing to set off, the surgeon brought us information that the officer who was to have been at the head of the party had fallen dangerously ill, and one of my comrades whose tour it was, prepared accordingly to take his place. But this last officer was no sooner mounted than his horse, till then the gentlest animal in the world, began to rear and to fling in such a manner that he, no longer able to keep his seat, was thrown, and in falling broke his leg. It was now for me to take the command, and I prepared to obey, but I must own with sensations that were not usual to me on such occasions. My command was of 80 men, and being joined by 120 from another regiment, I had with me in all 200. Our post was 1000 steps beyond the advanced guards of the right wing, and near a marsh covered with very high reeds, we had no videttes out, but none of us dismounted, and the orders were to keep our swords unsheathed and our carabines charged. Every thing was quiet until three-quarters after one, we could then distinguish a distant noise; as the sound approached we could distinctly hear the cries of *allah, allah, allah*, and in an instant the whole of our first line was borne down by the charge of at least 800 Turks. The loss of men was equally great on their side, as much from their own confusion as from our carabines, but besides superiority of numbers they had the additional advantage of being perfectly well acquainted with the ground, so that we were soon surrounded and completely overpowered. I received eight wounds, some of them in all probability from our own people, and my horse being mortally wounded fell in such a way as to keep me fastened to the ground, which was covered with blood.

(To be concluded in our next.)

#### "THE WORLD'S A LOSER WHEN A GOOD MAN DIES".

NOTICE OF THE DEATH OF MR. JOHN REDMON, AN OLD REVOLUTIONARY SOLDIER, COMMUNICATED FOR THE LITERARY COMPANION.

It has become a painful duty to announce the death of another Revolutionary Hero, who was engaged for seven years in the glorious struggle for American Independence. In doing this the pang is painful:

for it brings to our memory the recollection of many more that have faded from our view *for ever*, and left us nothing but their example to guide us in *the path* of freedom which they gained by the most



determined and inflexible bravery. If we look around at the different nations of Europe, and see the wretched victims suffering under the lash of brutal despots, whose inhumanity is proverbial, how can we help but venerate the ashes of our departed Sires, and when we see them sink into the silence of the tomb, how can we help heaving the heavy sigh over the setting of such glorious Suns; and if we did not we should be unworthy of the inheritance that is transmitted to us for our safe keeping and improvement.

DIED on the 4th of July, Mr. JOHN REDMON, in the 66th year of his age, of a short but painful illness. Mr. Redmon was born in Virginia, and had hardly arrived at the age of maturity, when he entered the list as a combatant in defence of his country, and being of a strong and ardent

disposition his soul became fired with the enthusiasm for liberty. He was a compatriot with the celebrated Patrick Henry, and in some instances their characters stood identified. At the defence of Charleston he bore a most conspicuous part: likewise at Monmouth, and particularly at Stony Point, where he was one of the first that mounted the Ramparts and gave the shout of victory. He was at many other posts and his conduct always met with approbation for his active usefulness.

In his private walk through life, he was generally esteemed for his mild and amiable disposition; and his loss will long be felt by his weeping relatives and friends. But he has left us a rich inheritance, which, it was his constant prayer, that we would fully appreciate, and never again let tyranny imprint her footsteps on our shore.

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#### UNPUBLISHED STANZAS.—BY LORD BYRON.

*Communicated to the Editor of the Literary Companion.*

When man, expelled from Eden's bowers,  
A moment lingered near the gate,  
Each scene recalled the banished hours,  
And made him curse his future fate.

But wandering on thro' distant climes,  
He learnt to bear his load of grief;  
Just gave a sigh to other times,  
And found in busier scenes relief.

Thus, lady, thus it is with me,  
And I must view thy charms no more;  
For whilst I linger near to thee,  
I sigh for all I knew before.

In flight I shall be surely blest,  
Escaping from temptation's snare,  
I cannot view my paradise  
Without a wish to enter there.

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#### *From the Village Record.*

The following piece is from the pen of one, whose unhappiness it has been to suffer temporary derangement. To much originality, is added a sweetness which plays around the heart, and induces its dearest sympathy.

'Tis sweet, when viewing some noble ruins to see through its dilapidations the splendour of the setting sun; or, to have contrasted with its roughness, the softness of a distant landscape. Such is the feeling induced by the perusal of these lines. The human mind in ruins is an awful melancholy object: but when in its aberrations the goodness of the heart is evinced, and the noble passions are elicited, it softens the roughness, and calms the ruffled feelings of those who sympathise.

#### ON PERRY.\*

And art thou gone, Oh! mighty chief, and art thou gone Oh! chief of Erie.  
Terrible as the whirlwind in the forest, wast thou in the day of battle. But calm and gentle as the still lake on a summer's eve, wast thou in the day of peace.  
As a comet among the stars, so shone the chief of Erie among the sons of the north.  
As the tall oak, that is felled in midsummer, green in leaves and rich in foilage, so fell the chief of Erie in the morning of his glory.

\* The oration on the death of Decatur in the National Gazette is from the same pen.

Serenely bright, calmly great, as the last beams of the sun, when he sinks in the west, so sunk the chief on the bosom of our mother earth.

And art thou gone, Oh! mighty chief, my heart mourns in anguish, and the dew of sorrow fills my eyes when I think, thou art no more, Oh! Chief of Erie.

POCAHONTAS.

### LITERARY NOTICES.

E. BLISS & E. WHITE, have received and put to press—*Views of Society and Manners in America*, in a series of letters from that country, to a friend in England, during the years 1818, 1819, 1820. By an English woman.

AMERICAN ROMANCE.—*Rosalvena*, a Romance, in two volumes, by I. K. M. Charlton, one of the editors of the *Augusta*

*Chronicle*, is just put to press, and will speedily be produced.

*Woodworth's Casket.*

An Essay on the evils of Popular Ignorance, by John Foster, author of *Essays on Decision of Character*, for sale by

C. S. VAN WINKLE.

No. 201, Greenwich-street.

### AERIAL VOYAGES.

The following connected account, and the only one we have seen, of Mr. Guille's Aeronautical Ascensions throughout the United States, is extracted from the last (May) number of the *MASONIC REGISTER*.

*Concluded from our last.*

#### THIRD ASCENSION.

Mr. Guille now proceeded to Philadelphia; and at Camden, opposite that city, the balloon was on the day of ascension let off, by some accident, before he took his place in the car. It was recovered again in a few days, and after several postponements, he at length succeeded in ascending from the Jersey shore, on the morning of the 1st August, 1820. The balloon was carried in a direction up the river, and for some distance nearly over it; until it descended on the Burlington road, about four miles from Camden. The frequent disappointments that had taken place, had discouraged many persons from crossing the river, or indeed troubling themselves with the matter, and consequently but a small portion of the inhabitants knew any thing of the ascension until it was over.

#### FOURTH ASCENSION.

Having, by this enterprize, in some degree recovered the good opinion of the community, Mr. Guille gave notice

that he would make an ascension from the Vauxhall garden in Philadelphia, and descend by the parachute. The undertaking was delayed however, for nearly two months, in consequence of the yellow fever. Of this voyage, Mr. Guille has himself given a particular detail, which, together with the preliminary remarks of the "*Aurora*," we shall insert at length.

#### THE BALLOON

"Notwithstanding that the atmosphere was cloudy and very dispiriting on Saturday, Mr. Guille, it appears, to avoid the wanton imputations of an unnecessary postponement, actually ascended, in a most interesting style from Vauxhall, a few minutes after the promised hour. It appeared as he ascended, that some of the apparatus of the parachute became entangled, so that he was not able to disengage himself as had been proposed, and was carried too far beyond the proper range for descent; the balloon passed gently to the northward in full view of

thousands of spectators; when about two miles north of the city, a heavy cloud from the southward, which discharged rain, passed under the balloon, and it was no longer seen during the evening. The following certificate explains the extent of the tour."

"The balloon descended on the farm of George Woolsey, in the township of Hopewell, county of Hunterdon, about eight miles from Trenton, at about 5 o'clock, P. M. I hereby certify [the above] to be a fact.

RALPH H. SMITH.

October, 14, 1820."

"The place is about 40 miles from Philadelphia. Mr. Guille, with his balloon and parachute, have reached the city. He calculates his highest elevation at 35,000 feet. We understand he contemplates another ascension."

FOR THE AURORA.

#### MR. GUILLE'S ASCENSION.

"I started at three o'clock and thirty-five minutes, on Saturday afternoon, the 14th October. By some mistake, and many people interfering to assist me in ascending, the balloon lost a considerable quantity of the gas. In less than five minutes I ascended to the distance of 1000 feet, when the earth disappeared to my view. There was not a sufficiency of distance between my situation and the earth; that, to disengage myself from the balloon would have been attended with great danger. In this situation, when I could not see any part of the earth, I remained about thirty minutes, when I was transferred to a clear region, and had the advantage of the sun, which made the earth appear to me to be covered with snow; from thence I entered into another region of clouds, much darker than the former ones, and having no valve to my balloon, I was obliged to ascend much higher than I would otherwise have done. In this situation, when I ascended about 35,000 feet,\* according to the calcu-

lation I made with the help of a barometer, which I had with me, the air was so obscure, that I could neither see the balloon nor parachute, and owing to the great cold I experienced, and also the fatigues, I fell asleep, and slept for some time. I would still have continued to ascend, had it not been for the wet state of the balloon, which made it very heavy, and this I attribute to the cause why my descent was sooner than I expected. A singular circumstance, and which I never had experienced, happened to me in my descent: during the time I remained surrounded by clouds, I could distinctly hear the report of some guns; I attribute this to the atmosphere being generally covered with clouds, and I believe that a commotion in the air will sooner communicate it to a dark than a clear atmosphere. When I first discovered the earth, I descended so rapidly, owing to the balloon being so heavy, that my parachute opened itself. When I got to the ground, in an open field, and having no grappling irons, I was dragged about the distance of Market-street, [nearly one mile] until the balloon was arrested in its course by a forest, where, with the assistance of some persons, I was able to get out of my basket and secure the balloon. Mr. Ralph H. Smith, to whom I herewith offer my sincerest thanks, was kind enough to accompany me to Trenton, where we arrived at 8 o'clock, P. M.

CHARLES GUILLE.

October, 16, 1820."

Mr. Guille himself, considered this by far the most dangerous, as well as unpleasant aerial excursion that he had ever made. In a letter to a friend, he observed, that every thing ran counter to his wishes. The yellow fever, which had previously retarded his preparations, although it had subsided, still had a tendency to diminish

\* Mr. Guille computed the greatest elevation of the balloon to have been 3,500

feet—the *additional cypher*, was a typographical error.



the number of his spectators: and on the day of his ascension, the very elements themselves were arrayed against him; the weather was excessively unfavourable—the wind high, and the air filled with clouds. Finding it hazardous to detach himself from the balloon, and having no valve by which the gas might escape, he was compelled to accompany it wherever it might chance to go. A great part of the time the air was so dense as to prevent his seeing the vehicle to which he was suspended; and the earth remained constantly invisible. “*Si j’ai ma vie, c’est celui ou j’ai revue la terre.*” If (says he) I ever enjoyed a moment of happiness in my life, it was when I came in view of the earth again.

#### FIFTH ASCENSION.

Having as yet been prevented from exhibiting the use of the parachute, Mr. Guille, with that design now made arrangements for a new ascension; but not receiving sufficient encouragement to justify the risk of loss, to which the balloon is exposed by that mode, he concluded to descend in the usual manner, and with the view of illustrating his purpose, to detach, while in the air, a monkey by a small parachute. In the afternoon of the 22d of November, 1820, he ascended from the Vauxhall garden, amid the acclamations of several thousand spectators. In about five minutes he attained a sufficient elevation, when he let down the affrighted animal, who reacked the earth in safety. He, himself, continued to rise a few minutes longer, when he opened the valve, and gently descended in the village of Mantua, one or two miles distant, on the west bank of the Schuylkill.

#### SIXTH ASCENSION.

During the winter, Mr. Guille returned to New-York, and as the season grew milder, made preparations for another ascension at the Vauxhall garden in that city. After several

postponements, the 6th of June, 1821, was finally determined upon as the day on which it would take place. On this occasion, the afternoon was excessively warm, and the clouds of dust almost insupportable: yet the streets leading to the garden were completely thronged with the populace; and carriages of every description furiously driving for, or with passengers, gave lively animation to the scene, and proved that the public curiosity remained unabated. It was the intention of Mr. Guille, previously to his own ascension, to have sent off a gigantic figure of a man, as an *avant courier* in order to ascertain the direction which the balloon itself would take. But the body of the figure, however, proving too heavy, it was decapitated, and the head alone dispatched into the aerial regions, where it soon disappeared. It had also been intended that Madam Guille should have ascended to a considerable height over the heads of the spectators, and afterwards be drawn back to the garden by the cords which retained the balloon. But as the wind was blowing with some violence, and in the direction of a row of trees, it was evident that her return would have been attended with imminent danger, and the design was accordingly abandoned. Mr. Guille himself entered the car at the appointed hour, and rose very beautifully from the garden; but being at an inconsiderable elevation, and passing rapidly before the wind, he was at once hid from view by the intervening objects. Having opened the valve of the balloon, he descended near a small pond of water, about a mile from Vauxhall, to which place he returned in the course of the day.

Mr. Guille’s own account of the ascension, as given in a letter to the editor of the *Masonic Register*, is as follows:

“My last ascension in New-York, took place on the 6th of June, at a very unfavourable time. The wind which prevailed throughout the day,

retarded my operations considerably, and the conductor [made of silk] which led the gas into the balloon, was several times torn by its violence, which was frequently so great as to require ten men to hold the balloon in its proper place. In addition to the gas which escaped by the writhings of the Balloon, a great quantity of atmospheric air entered it, and considerably impeded my efforts. But by consuming an extraordinary quantity oil of vitriol, I was enabled to inflate the balloon sufficiently to carry my own weight. I ascended at five o'clock, but the wind being too strong, did not permit me to ascend very high, as it carried me along with much rapidity.

Observing that I was fast approaching the [Hudson] river, I in about two minutes opened the valve of my balloon. On coming to the ground, I received scarcely any shock, but was dragged along about half a mile, and was at length stopped by two persons whom I found there; otherwise it is probable I should have been carried into the water. My greatest elevation was nearly 200 toises. I am certain that if the wind had not been unfavourable, I should have made a very fine ascension; but I could not contend against the elements, notwithstanding the earnest desire I had, to give satisfaction to the American people."

C. GUILLE.

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*From the American Monthly Magazine.*

#### SATURDAY NIGHT.

Sweet to the soul the parting ray,  
Which ushers placid evening in,  
When with the still expiring day,  
The Sabbath's peaceful hours begin;  
How grateful to the anxious breast,  
The sacred hours of holy rest!

I love the blush of vernal bloom,  
When morning gilds night's sullen tear;  
And dear to me the mournful gloom  
Of Autumn—Sabbath of the year:  
But purer pleasures—joys sublime,  
Await the dawn of Holy Time.

Hush'd is the tumult of the day,  
And worldly cares and business cease,  
While soft the vesper breezes play,  
To hymn the glad return of peace;

O season blest; O moments given  
To turn the vagrant thoughts to Heaven.

What though involv'd in lurid night,  
The loveliest forms in nature fade,  
Yet 'mid the gloom shall heavenly light,  
With joy the contrite heart pervade;  
O then, great source of light divine,  
With beams ethereal gladden mine.

Oft as this hallowed hour shall come,  
O raise my thought from earthly things,  
And bear them to my heavenly home,  
On living faith's immortal wings—  
Till the last gleam of life decay  
In one eternal Sabbath day!

C. I.

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#### DIED,

On Tuesday the 26th ult. at 11 o'clock, A. M. Mr. EDWARD M. WOODWARD, in the twenty-first year of his age.

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